THE ONLY PAPER IN DUBOIS COUNTY THAT WILL NOT LIE. THE TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR IS THE

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Intemperate Temperance.

Food for the Temperate and Intemperate to Ponder Over.

Then there is that other exceedingly popular prohibition argument that the total abstainer sets a worthier example to society than the temperate drinker sets: that if the temperate drinker can take these drinks, and yet preserve his sobriety, it is his duty to abstain, and deny himself for the sake of his weaker brother, who cannot. This argument is strong, and it is as fascinating as it is strong; and why? Because it appeals to the great active principles in all true religion—e principle that is as undying in the human heart as tha God who put it there—the principle ot the nobility and the grandeur of self-sacrifice. But then every man's duty is as he thinks it. Because the moderate drinker conceives of duty in a different manner to that in which the Prohibitionist conceives of it, does not follow that he is the less conscientious or self-sacrificing. He may adorn his life with the sweet virtue of self-sacrifice in a hundred different ways, to all of which the Prohibitionist may be a stranger, and yet be utterly unable to see that it is his duty to evince the virtue in the Prohibitionist's direction. Besides it does not of necessity follow that total abstinence is any self-sacrifce at all. It is only the man to whom drinking is so pleasant an indulgence as to be a dangerous one, who can be said to practice self-sacrifice in abstaining from it. Besides, is it true that the man who totally abstains sets a noble example to his weaker brother than the temperate drinker? It is certainly true that if everybody followed the example of the Prohibitionist, nobody would get drunk: but it is equally true that if everybody followed the example of the temperate drinker, neither would anybody get drunk. The one example would seem to be just as good as the other, for if either example were followed we should have what we do so sorely need—a sober people. The temperate man—the man who wisely uses a thing—practices self-control in regard to that thing. There is small virtue in keeping sober if you drink nothing but cold water. The virtue is, to drink something stronger than water and keep sober on that. Water, as Shakespere tells us, is "too weak to be a sinner."

If we have an unwise longing for anything, totally to abstain from it—although a good thing to do-is not necessarily the way to eradicate that unwise longing from one's nature. There is danger that the repressed appetite may at any time break forth and leave us stricken with shame. So long as men keep from it they are safe; but even the distant smell of it often fatally allure them to a fatal indulgence. There are some Prohibitionists who cannot bear the smell of whisky a mile off; when the smell comes to them they feel impelled, by an irresistable force, to rush up to their temptation and drink themselves to madness. There are many men of this sort---men who, from hereditary tendency, or from their own wild, reckless, and thoughtless personal indulgence, have become so thoroughly the slave of this vice that only the hard tyranny of an external law is the thing that can save them. They are infinitely to be pitied--far more to be pitied perhaps, than blamed. Their frailty is not so much a vice as it a disease. You can only do one of two things for these men---lock them up so that they can't get at the thing by which they sin, or lock the thing up so that it can't get at them. If you lock the thing up through which they sin, then you punish the many who can use the thing innocently for the fault of the few who can't. To these men the total abstinence pledge is useful---but even the pledge is not enough. It prevents, so long as it is observed, the gratification of their fatal appetite, but it does not eradicate it. The resources of medical science are simple enough to achieve that end, and the only possible cure for such men is an observance of the discipline which, in their case, medical science would impose.

It is because such men are induced to think the pledge all-sufficient to save them, that they lapse, over and over again, into sottishness. They sign the pledge, apparently, only with the intention of breaking it again, when the first temptation presses itself. A course, it seems to me more destructive to their manhood than if they had never signed the pledge at all. A man can better afford I think, to take a glass too much--or a good many glasses too much than he can afford to be an habitual violator of his sacredly pledged word. The temperance reformation I fear is responsible for a good deal of the looseness whieh obtains in society with regard to the sacredness of a man's pledged word. Temperance reformers confound Prohibition with self-control. The two things are totally and radically distint. I have not conquered any vice to which I may be prone, when I have only run away from it and succeeded in erecting a barrier between myself and it, or locked myself up somewhere so that it can't get at me. If I cannot face the vice, grapple with it and conquer it, I had better run away: but it is not much of a virtue to brag about. John Milton saith truly; "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloister'd virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never rallies into and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary." I have not exercised self-control when I have left my passion unsubdued and simply placed myself in a position where I can't exercise it. We achieve self-control only when we lash passions, tastes, appetites into obedience to something higher. Prohibition is, in the main, only exchanging one sort of intemperance for another. Prohibitionists, when they denounce all temperate drinkers as food for hell, and all saloon keepers as food for the gallows, get drunk on bad and narrow passion--a worse thing than even getting drunk on wine! Prohibition says, at best: "I would do it, but my pledge prevents me, and I can't!" A true temperance says: "I would do it, there is no artificial barrier in the way of a pledge to prevent me; but my moral sense tells me I ought not to do it, and I won't!" The temperate man, because he can control himself, can control all things. He is monarch of this beautiful external world, and he makes all its riches, and all its delights, and all its thronging beauties his own! Man can produce nothing by any conceivable combination of the things God has created which has not its legitimate use. All things within his reach the temperate man will draw about him, and show how all things may be turned to good. From the eminence of thought, of feeling, of pure emotion, of self-reliant power he occupies, he will cry to all the restless sons of earth, to all the toilers after empty ambitions, to all men who are rocked by bad impulse, or swayed by brutal passion or enslaved appetite, "Come hither, ye faint and weary ones; come and learn how things turned by you into dire curses are, in their very natu r richest blessings; come and learn how impulse may be made to prompt to nobleness, how passion may be disciplined into sweetest love, how appetite may be trained to minister to enjoyment, how all the abundant and abounding beauties of the world may be used for good and made so many rounds in that beauteous ladder whereon men and women may toil after the absolutely lovely." I believe in enjoyment. There is nothing in this world that is not put there for man to enjoy. There are no accursed agencies in all the great realm of nature. What God has created and what God has given man will to make, man has every right wisely to use. I do not believe in asceticism. I abhor it and reject it utterly in every conceivable form. Surely, it can not be that He who covers earth with richness, and blesses earth with fatness; that He who decks each weed with dewy pearls that make the jewels resting on the bosom of a queen look dim; that He who has made the lovliest moss hidden away in nature---most secret solitudes faultlessly symmetrical in form; who has throned beauty in the fire-fretted sky, and made its spirit dwell no less on the meanest insects' wing; who instructs the viewless winds to awake the deep orchestral music of the forest trees, and who makes all nature ring to their one never-ending gladsome hymn of praise, it can not be that he meant that this life of ours should be made a thing of darkened gloom but costive sympathy for any pleasure, of sullen abstinence from any one thing in which any honest man can find an innocent delight!

"Did God set his fountains of light in the skies,
That man should look up with tears in his eyes?
Did God make this earth so abundant and fair,
That man should look down with a frown of despair?
Away with so heartless, so joyless a creed.
The soul that believes it is darken'd indeed!"

The prohibition movement has now been agitated for fifty years. An immense amount of money has been expended; an enormous amount of enthusiasm has been called into exercise; and yet what has the result been? Thousands upon thousands of intemperate temperance speeches have been uttered; cart loads upon car loads of books, pamphlets and tracts have been written and circulated; millions upon millions of dollars have been spent, and yet the vice against which all has been directed has not diminished one jot or one title. The prohibition movement, in so far as it had for its object the making total abstainers of men, has, it must be confessed, proved a wretched failure.

Continued in the next issue.

1914		AUGUST				1914
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
JASPER COURIER—All the News.						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

DUMAS' AUDACITY.

A Unique Literary Scheme of the Great French Writer.

American readers are accustomed to surprises in their newspapers but imagine their astonishment should some favorite journal publish in good faith, in daily installments and adapted according to the notions of some staff writer, a classic such as, for example, Dante's "Inferno!" Yet the astonishment so excited would not be without a parallel in the annals of newspaper management, inasmuch as Homer once figured as a feuilletoniste for a Parisian newspaper.

When Dumas the elder was editing his journal, Le Mousquetaire, Urbain Fages, one of his assistants who was an exceptionally fine Greek scholar, was one day enthusiastically expatiating upon the beauties of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Dumas grew most interested.

"If only you could read them in the original," sighed Fages.

"Why not?" asked Dumas.

"But," exclaimed Fages, "my dear fellow, you don't know alpha from omega!"

"Will you translate for me?" asked Dumas eagerly.

Accordingly Fages undertook the task. Beginning with the first book of the "Iliad," he would read a line of the Greek and then give a literal translation. Dumas quickly caught the spirit of the epic. As Fages read he wrote a translation and signed it.

"In the name of all the ancients M. Dumas," exclaimed Fages, "but you are signing your name to the 'Iliad!'"

"Certainly," responded Dumas, "that is, to my version of it. It will appear as a feuilleton in Le Mousquetaire."

Fages was filled with dismay, as he afterward related, but before such audacity and naivete he felt helpless. How was he to convince a writer accustomed to every triumph that he was too bold?

And so the next day an installment of the "Iliad," as rendered by half an hour or so by a man who could not read the Greek alphabet appeared at the bottom of the page of Le Mousquetaire, with the note "Continued in our next."

This enterprising bit of journalism raised such a storm of criticism that Dumas was persuaded to discontinue it after the third installment, though it was doubted that he quite understood what was the trouble.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Forks and the Coin.

Place two forks with their prongs one set over the other and slip a coin between the middle prongs of the forks. Then place the coin flat on the rim of a wineglass or

tumbler, pushing it outward until the two circumferences are touching externally. In this position, as shown in the illustration, the fork will remain in equilibrium, and the water may be poured steadily from the glass into another without disturbing the coin or the two forks.

Bright as the Fire.

When Crewe Hall was burning the late Lord Crewe, father of the present earl, displayed a humorous equanimity which St. James' Budget deems worthy of preservation in print.

When the historic mansion, with its works of art, rare manuscripts, armor and other treasures, was blazing away Lord Crewe ordered a footman to place a table on the lawn and bring him an inkstand and some telegraph forms. He then sat down and composedly wrote this telegram to Street, the Royal academician:

"Dear Street—Crewe is burning. Come and build it up again."

To his sister he sent another message by wire:

"You always used to say this was a cold house. You wouldn't say so if you could see it now."

A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

Clever Method by Which He Secured Some Evidence.

"I had to resort to a queer ruse once to get an admission from a man I was after," said a private detective. "There had been some trouble at a club between two young men. One threw a glass of wine into the other's face. The other did not resent the insult as he should have done. When his father heard of it he threatened to disinherit his son unless he whipped the man who had thrown the wine in his face. The father was a member of the same club, and he made a wager of a wine supper that his son could and would whip the other fellow. Soon after this the son met the man who had insulted him and whipped him. The fight occurred on a prominent street, and as two of the young man's friends were with him at the time there was talk of an action against them and his father for conspiracy. Our agency was retained to get the evidence needed.

"It was decided that it would be necessary to get an admission from the father of the young man who had made the assault. I was told to get it. I tried many ways and failed. He did not know I was a detective. He had known me for a number of years, but thought I was engaged in other work. I had another plan to get from him what I wanted. I told him a New York publication was having the affair written up and illustrated.

"I said I had seen the picture of the fight which had been prepared for it. He was pleased at the publicity that the fight was to get, for the story of the affair at the club had been printed, and he wanted it known that his son had avenged the insult. I intimated that if he cared to see it I thought I could get him the picture that had been prepared for publication. He was eager to see it.

"I had a friend, a newspaper artist, who made me a picture. He made a faithful copy of the street scene where the fight occurred, and he made a fair likeness of the figures in it. The picture showed one man stealing up behind another and striking him from the rear. Behind him were two other men, who were supposed to have accompanied him to see fair play. The father was thought to have been in the neighborhood, but as he wasn't seen he was left off the picture. He examined it carefully.

"'Who are these two men?' he asked, pointing to the two onlookers.

"'They are the two Blacks, who went along with your son to see that he got fair play,' I told him.

"'That's all right,' he said, 'but who is this?' pointing at the man who was striking at the other from behind.

"'Why, that's your son,' I told him.

"'That's a lie,' he exclaimed. 'My son stood right in front of him and hit him squarely in the face. I told him to do that and stand up in front of him all the time. He is right across the street, and the two men who were with my son were close enough to see all that happened. They will tell you that he did not hit him from behind. He faced him fairly and whipped him fairly. That was the way we made it up to do. If that's printed I'll whip the man who made it!'

"It wasn't printed, nor were there any court proceedings taken on account of the alleged conspiracy. The men concerned in it on both sides got together and settled it out of court."—Exchange.

Yearning For Light.

"When it comes to consuming gas in large quantities blind people can beat their seeing brethren all hollow," said an inspector of the gas company. "I know two families where both husband and wife are blind. Every jet is turned on full tilt in their homes at night and is kept going at that rate clear up to 12 o'clock. Light and darkness are all the same to the afflicted ones, but they insist upon illumination brilliant enough for a reception. And that partiality for light is not a whim peculiar to those two couples. Most blind people feel that way. They demand the light, and in all private homes and institutions where the blind are cared for the gas bills vouch for the strange fancy."—Exchange.